THE POLITITIAN CHEATED.

A New Comedy

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER GREENE Gent.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

The Prologue.

THe Polititian Cheated, *That's our Play*
To day; but now or what, or by which way
I may ſay ought t' advance it, I don't know
I'th' leaſt nor can imagine; for, thus now
The caſe doth ſtand; It muſt be bad or good,
For there's no Medium *to be underſtood*
In things of this kind; And, if it be bad,
'Twill not be worth the pains that muſt be had
In making of a Prologue; And 'tis fear'd
If it be good, 'twill be the ſooner marr'd
By a bad Prologue; What ſhall I ſay then?
Poets have harder dealings amongſt men
In theſe our days then ever; for they'll have
Forſooth of late that which they never gave,
Prologues before, and Epilogues ſucceeding
And they not like'd, unleſs they be exceeding
Rarely compos'd: Conſider't Gentlemen;
And know, this is the firſt-fruits of the Pen
Of this our Poet; If you like this, then
You will incourage him to write again.

The Actors Names.

HILLARIO a Merry Old man.

LYSANDER his Son.

STREPHON his Servant.

ANANIAS a Precisian.

THERSAMES his Son.

JOCULO his Nephew.

MELAMPUS a Pandar.

FRISCO his Man.

ASTUTIO the Polititian.

JERONIMO his Brother.

Monsieur MICHAEL a *French* Merchant.

SIGNIOR GORMONDINO BELBEDERO } a Captain.

SILENTIO *aliàs* EUDORA *aliàs* EUTHUSA, Servant to THERSAMES and Daughter to HILLARIO.

LAURINDA, MELAMPUS Wife a Bawd.

LEONORA, Daughter to ANANIAS and Servant to LAURINDA.

THE

THE POLITITIAN CHEATED.

Actus Primus: Scena Prima.

Enter *Hillario* and *Strephon*.

Hill.

For the preſervation of my health,
But chiefly of my mirth, (which to me
Is as dear as life) I have bought
Two tons of Claret and Rheniſh wine;
Which *Strephon* do you ſee carefully cellar'd;
There's Fifteen pounds! Piſh! Let it go;
Age is a ſecond Infancy, which
Muſt be nouriſhed with the milk
Of Good wine, and I think
This which I have bought is none of the worſt;
Hillario, wert thou any thing but *Hillario*
I could hug thee to nothing for this ſweet care of thy ſelf.

Enter *Lyſander*.

Ly. My Father's return'd I ſee;
I'll ſtay to hear what he will ſay to me.
Hill. My dear *Lyſander*;
Where haſt thou been ſo long?
Ly. Sir, I ſtirr'd not out till juſt now.
Hill. That's well;
I have been at the Councel to day *Lyſander*,

And we have done that which for ought I know
May conduce much to your good.
Ly. I would gladly hear that.
Hill. We have baniſh'd *Aſtutio* and his Confederates
From the City.
Ly. For ever, an't pleaſe you?
Hill. For ever, to my joy be it ſpoken.
Ly. I'll be hang'd if that ſimple fellow *Martinus*
Was not the Cauſer of it.
Hill. What's that to you, who was Cauſer
Or Agent in it.
Come, come, *Lyſander*, I ſee which way your pulſe beats;
I did but try you;
I no ſooner ſpoke it but you were angry.
'Tis very plain now I perceive
You have been ever ſince yeſterday night and all
With *Aſtutio* and *Jeronimo*,
I doubt not but you will ſhortly forſake me
And follow their Courſes; Do, turn Rogue,
And ſee what the fruits of it will be;
For, hear me and tremble, If thou doſt,
I will make the next Beggar my heir before thee;
And if thou comeſt to ne'r ſo great miſery
I'll not ſo much as beſtow a tear on thee.
Ly. But pray tell me, Father,
Do you in ſober-ſadneſs think me to be
Such an Aſs?
Hill. Do you not ſhevv it?
For, Do but conſider hovv many inconveniences
You dravv upon your ſelf by it;
Firſt, You bar your ſelf from my vvealth,
To vvhich you have novv free acceſs;
Then you loſe the hopes of a fair Wife, vvhich
He that is *Hillario*'s heir cannot miſs of;
And many things more vvhich I could name:
But go on in your vvay, vvhileſt I ſee your folly
And laugh at your Deſtruction: So much wealth
As mine is cannot want an heir; Go.

Ly. Sir

Ly. Sir I never intended any ſuch thing;
To ſee how you're miſtaken!

Hill. Let me ſee hovv you can clear your ſelf, and then
I'll ſay ſomevvhat to you.

Ly. That I ſhall eaſily do; you ſhall hear,
I have alvvays had intimate acquaintance
With *Aſtutio* and *Jeronimo*, to vvhich indeed
Their vvealth firſt brought me,
Which I heard lay in the houſe of *Flora* a rich Widovv.

Hill. This is no fault,
Riches and the Widovv *Flora*, are things vvorth looking after.

Ly. True Sir. Then began *Aſtutio*
To vvork upon me to joyn vvith him
In his Deſignes; But I am reſolv'd
They ſhall as ſoon turn the *Turk*
From his Religion, as me from my obedience.
But, to keep him im in play, I tell him
I vvill conſider on't.

Hill. Well, go on.

Ly. After vve had been a vvhile acquainted,
I began to court a Virgin there.

Hill. Her name?

Ly. Piſh: As if I lov'd one vvoman more then another!
But I vvas unskill'd in vvoing, ſo
I made uſe of *Aſtutio* and *Jeronimo*
For my Aſſiſtants, vvhich they afford me
Without the leaſt ſuſpicion, not doubting my fidelity to them.

Hill. Do you think theſe things trifles?

Ly. I ſee no danger in them;
This vvas your ovvn saying, He that is *Hillario*'s heir
Cannot want a fair Wife.

Hill. Sayſt thou ſo? Come hither Sirrah,
Go on my Raskall in theſe cunning practiſes
But vvarily, vvarily; And mayſt
Thou have good luck on't.

Ly. Let me no longer live then vvhileſt
I eſteem my obedience to you above the injoyment
Of a Queen, or the vvhole ſex of Women.

Hill.

Hill. Well ſaid; O hovv merry ſhall I bee
To ſee thoſe Cheaters cheated by thee! *Exit.*

Ly. Farevvell Forty pence,
You are as merry as if you intended
To bury your Heir; But, vvhom doe I ſee!

Enter Aſtutio *and* Jeronimo.

Aſt. I am your humble Servant Sir.

Ier. And I your Servants Servant Sir.

Ly. Save you my merry Companions,
But how does my *Leonora?* Let us
Pull down the houſe *Aſtutio*, and drag
The Bawd into the Kennel, that we may
Deliver my dear *Leonora* from that wicked place.

Aſt. Soft, ſoft, things of this nature
Are not be effected by pulling down houſes
But with policy, therefore mum to that;
You were ſaying a while ſince
That *Leonora* lov'd you not,

Ly. Not love me!

Aſt. But look'd ſowrely on you;
Come, come, go to, ſhe doth not love you,
And if ſhe did, there's no hope that
Your Father will ever let you marry her
Being a Servant, brought up in a Stewes;
Beſides, there's an hundred things will hinder it.

Ly. O ſpeak not ſo profanely of her,
She is chaſt, fair, kind, and there are
Five hundred things in her which makes me love her.

Aſt. VVhat will you give me if I get her for you?

Ly. Give thee? all that I have;
Doe this, and I'll deny nothing thou ſhalt ask.

Aſt. VVell, you promiſe fair, I'le ſee
What I can doe. But,
You muſt not marry her when you have her.

Ly. Not marry her!

Aſt. VVhy, would you marry you know not whom?
She may (for ought you know) be ſome Baſtard,

Taken

Taken from ſome VVhore by *Melampus* privily.
Ly. Well, you have prevail'd,
I ſhall be content ſo I may enjoy her.
Aſt. Then you ſhall enjoy her this very Night.
Ly. 'Tis impoſſible.
Aſt. You'll find it poſſible.
Jer. Ha, ha, ha.
Aſt. Why doſt thou laugh?
Jer. To think how cunningly
We have ſent *Melampus*, *Laurinda* and *Friſco*
Out of the way.
Aſt. Piſh, that was a ſlight Trick. But come,
Softly, let's lay hold on this occaſion.
Ly. If no body be within but *Leonora*,
Why ſtand we at the Dore?
Aſt. Becauſe it's lock'd; come *Lyſander*,
Help me up on this Ladder;
Ly. Go, I hold it.
But unleſſe you tell her *Muſonius* is here
Shee'll not come.
Aſt. Well, fear nothing,
'Tis the eaſieſt thing of a thouſand to lye.
Jeronimo, look you to my diſguiſe, and ſee
That no body ſurprize us at unawares.
Jer. How they toyl for nothing! *Melampus* told me,
Leonora was a man in Womans Clothes;
Climbe, climbe man; would he would
Break his Crupper, for his forwardneſſe
Hee's *Dominus fac totum* ſtill in all our buſineſſe,
And I ſtand by like one unconcern'd.
O Pox o'th Devill! yonders *Friſco* I think,
'Tis he, we're undone.
Come down *Aſtutio*, or y'are loſt.
Ly. Pox on you, why d'ye diſturb us!
Jer. What do you ſtay for! run away quickly.
Aſt. Let them run that can, I'm ſure I am ſcarce able to goe.
Where is he!
Jer. At the dore.

Aſt. Why did you bawle ſo loud ? you Puppy !

Jer. Alas, I was ſo ſurprized, I was not my own man.

Aſt. Stay you here and threaten him for returning
Without leave, and *Lyſander* and I will goe to *Floras*
In the mean time. O my Leg !

Ly. I had rather kill this *Friſco* and venture my neck
Then loſe this opportuuity novv.

Aſt. Come, come, follovv me,
Whil'ſt I ſtudy for another device. *Exeunt* Lyſander *and*
Enter Friſco. Aſtutio.

Fr. I muſt hereafter goe vvith my hands claſp'd together,
For if I doe but let looſe one of them,
'Tis a ſtealing preſently of ſomething or other.
But hovv if *Jeronimo* ſhould ſee me novv ?

Jer. He vvould call you Theif.

Fr. What ſay'ſt thou Conſcience ?

Jer. And a falſe Stevvard.

Fr. Stevvard ! my Maſters not at home,
And vvhen he's abroad I am Maſter.

Jer. But vvherefore, vvhen you vvere injoyn'd a long journy
Have you ſtay'd lurking in Corners thus ?

Fr. Why truely, Night came on, and I knew not
Whither to goe ſo well as home.

Jer. And did you therefore ſteal that Coney too ?

Fr. What doſt thou call a Coney ?

Jer. That fat Coney, I ſee't well enough.

Fr. 'Tis not a Coney, ye'are deceiv'd Sir.

Jer. Do I not ſee and ſmell it ?

Fr. If it be I'll give you it.

Jer. A match.

Fr. But then you ſhall not diſcover me.

Jer. I promiſe you I will not : So, put it
Into my Bag.

Fr. Stay, I'll goe and fetch a Napkin to put it in
That it may not dirty your Bag.

Jer. Well thought on. [*Exit and returns preſently.*]

Fr. Here, take it : So.
I have ſav'd the Coney, and put a Cat in its ſtead, [*aſide.*]

Much

Much good may it doe you *Jeronimo.*
Think of me when you eat it; Farewell. [*Exit* Jeronimo.]

Enter Melampus *and* Laurinda.

Mel. I hear *Friſco*'s voyce; Is there no body elſe with you?

Fr. No.

Lau. Ha, ha, I cannot forbear laughing when I think, I never had to do with any of theſe Preciſians, But I cheated him. *Aſtutio*, was with me to day; And threatned me with Divels and Damms, If I parted with *Leonora.* So I, to diſſemble the buſineſſe the better, and coole his Goatiſh courage, told Him that ſhe was a Virgin, taken from a Nunnery in *France.* With which he was ſomewhat appeas'd.

Mel. And I to ſtop *Ieronimo*'s mouth, told him, That ſhe had nothing but her Clothes of a Woman about her.

Fr. Ha, ha, that ſhe was a man in Womans Clothes.

Mel. I, and that having a good face, I dreſt her in thoſe Clothes to draw in Gueſts; But prethee *Laurinda* tell me, When or on whom doſt thou intend to beſtow her?

Lau. Why, introth *Melampus*; *Therſames* loves her, but he is a Melancholly fellow, That can give naught but Sighs and Groans.

Mel. Let him Sigh and Groan his heart out then:
No money no *Leonora.*

Lau. Then, *Lyſander* is a ſpruce Young man; And one that Deſerves her, but his Father will expect a Portion with her.

Mel. He ſhall have a halter as ſoon.

Lau. But old *Ananias* is the man, Hee'l give moſt money.

Mel. Ananias? Doſt thou name him to me, thou wretch?

Lau. Why what's the matter with him? I ſay he ſhall have her.

Mel. He ſhall not.

Lau. He ſhall.

Mel. You Whore.

Lau. You Rogue.

Mel. You Strumpet.

Lau. You Cuckold.

Fr. Now the Wind's up.

Mel. Speak but the leaſt word of him again, and I'll cut thy Throat.

Lau. Doe not you hear this *Friſco?*

Fr. Sir, I ſhall be angry.

Mel. Why, doſt thou think I care for thy anger?

Fr. Touch but her little finger to hurt her and I'll beat thee like a Dog.

Mel. This to me, your Maſter!

Fr. That to her, my Miſtreſſe!

Mel. You Dog----

Fr. Come come Sir, better words you were beſt.

Mel. Well, I have done.
Prethee Wife let's go to Supper.

Lau. Oh, is your Stomach come downe? *Friſco* lay the Cloth and bring out the meat; Speak ſo of *Ananias* again, And I'll make *Friſco* bang you till you groan. [*Enter Ananias.*] But here comes *Ananias.*

Anan. I did dream truly, (I wiſh I may have good luck after it) and I dreamed truly that *Laurinda* had fatted hens, But more eſpecially, one white one, which came and laid an Egg in my Cole-houſe; By which I gather, that I ſhall enjoy *Laurinda's Leonora* in my Bed.

Mel. The Divell you ſhall as ſoon.

Lau. Hold your peace and let me alone with him.
Now will I approach him like a Siſter.
Ananias, Peace be with you.

An. I thank thee *Laurinda.*

Lau. Indeed you look not well, how have you done of late?

An. O that vile boy *Ioculo!* I repeated three Sermons to him Yeſterday untill I did Sweat.

Lau. To ſee your Zeal!

An. And ſo I caught cold. But how doth my *Leonora?*

Lau. Your dear *Leonora!*

An. My deareſt Dear.

Lau. Your Feſtival day when you marry her.

An. What ſayeſt thou, Woman? I do hate Feſtival-days.

Mel. And I Faſtingdays.

An. Laurinda, let me ask thee ſome few queſtions concerning My *Leonora*; which for brevity ſake, I will divide into Thirteen Parts, the firſt whereof is Seven-fold.

Mel. We

Mel. We cannot ſtay to hear them now,
Meat ſtayes for us, let's goe in.

Lau. Ananias, to be ſhort, you do love *Leonora.*

An. Not with any fleſhly luſt verily, But for my procreation, That there may not want an *Ananias* to teach the people. What were her Parents, I pray you?

Lau. They are dead, ſhe was born at *Perſepolis.*

An. That is a famous place for Religion.

Lau. You may have a richer but not a better Wife, I aſſure You; And if you will give me an hundred peeces you ſhall have her before any one; ſhe is very ingenious alſo and well educated, ſhe can ſing, dance and paint.

An. How! can ſhe paint?
All Images are unlawfull, It is the Art of making Images.
Can ſhe Spin alſo?

Lau. Excellently.

An. Can ſhe roſt Pork well?

Lau. Admirably.

An. And make a bed?

Lau. And lye in a bed too.

An. I am exceedingly overjoyed at it, My heart leapeth for Joy, yea, it burneth exceedingly, even like an Oven. *Laurinda*, Take this kiſs, which is not a luſtfull and wanton kiſs, but a pledge of my good will. Two hours hence I will bring the Money. Farewell, peace be with you.

Lau. Farewell, I ſhall expect you.

An. I will not fail, Peace be unto you; and to *Leonora* felicity.

Mel. Come let's to Dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aſtutio, *Lyſander* and *Jeronimo.*

Jer. Where did you hide your ſelf *Aſtutio?*

Aſt. Here in this Corner.
I have been ſhowing *Lyſander* our Roll, I hope we ſhall add Him to Our Company ſoon; But come let's to *Flora*'s, there a banquet attends us.

Jer. I have ſomething for increaſe of our Cheer, there look in my Bag and you'll find it, 'Tis a Coney I made *Friſco* give me, to keep ſilence and not diſcover his coming.

Aſt. Pus

Aſt. Pus mew! where ſet you your toyl for this? Away You Coxcomb, you are made an Aſſe of and a laughing ſtock by all you have to doe with.

Jer. Send me but patience till I ſee him and I'le be reveng'd On him for this baſe Trick.

Aſt. Come, let's away.

Actus Secundus Scena prima.

Enter Leonora *at a Window.*

Leo. How ſweet this freſh Air is! But loe, I ſee the Star of *Venus* which foretells the riſing Sun to be at hand; O thou happy Star, be thou the bleſſed Omen of my Nuptials! But ſtay, fooliſh *Leonora*, Thou call'ſt unmannerly upon the Stars till thou mak'ſt *Aurora* bluſh to hear thee.

Enter Melampus.

Mel. What ſhall I doe! my *Laurinda* Loves *Friſco* and hath therefore ſent me out of the vvay to the Port, and ſo I ſhall loſe My *Leonora.*

Leo. He names me. *Melampus!*

Mel. O my dear Girle! how doſt thou?
You muſt be married to day to *Annanias.*

Leo. O Sir, you ſave and kill me in the ſame moment; muſt I marry that Old man? 'Tis not an equall match.

Mel. What vvilt thou give me if I hinder it, a kiſs?

Leo. With all my heart.

Mel. Shall I embrace thee?

Leo. That's too much for me to promiſe, unleſſe you ſtop *Friſco*'s mouth.

Mel. But vvhat if I get the Key of your Chamber from my Wife vvhen ſhe is aſleep?

Leo. You ſhall be moſt Welcome,
So you'l break your neck out at the Windovv. [*aſide.*]
O hovv I am beſet on every ſide!

Mel. Then *Annanias*, you muſt e'en ſeek another Wife,
I'll

I'll ſtrait to *Aſtutio* and acquaint him with the buſineſſe that he may help me. Farewell, my Dear, I fly with the Wind.

Enter Therſames.

Leo. Is not that my Dear *Therſames?*
How my heart beats!

Th. I have out-tyr'd the Night with my complaints, and made the ſhady Trees weary with my lamentations; But pardon Me thou ſilent ſhade and ſhady ſilence, for I will ne're offend you more. Thou only *Silentio* ſhalt be the ſad partaker of my Sorrows, and ſee how of't I dye for my dear *Leonora.* What ſayſt thou? O *Silentio!* Thy countenance ſhews the conſent of thy Heart. Silence (men ſay) gives conſent, but how can'ſt thou deny without a Tongue! I will be dumb too: but that cannot be, I can eaſilier dye then not rehearſe fair *Leonora*'s name: But oh my hard fate! I have too powerfull a Rivall ever to Hope to enjoy her. My father loves *Leonora*; what then? Love knows no tyes of Nature. But where's obedience then? Away ye wicked thoughts and let me rather dye then be diſobedient; O *Silentio!* Why was I not made like thee? But Cruell nature hath given me a Tongue to my diſtruction; for doſt thou think that I can live without my *Leonora*, or that I can plead to her againſt my ſelf? Yet ſo it muſt be, my father commands it and I muſt obey,

Leo. Therſames!

Th. My Deareſt *Leonora!*

Leo. Where have you been ſo long from my Window? The Ayr's not pleaſant to me when you are away.

Th. I hope you'll have cauſe to chide me no more for that, When you and I are Man and Wife.

Leo. Why do you mock a harmleſſe Maid thus?

Th. Not I, by my life. But let me tell thee *Leonora*, I bring not now the Repetitions of a Lover to thee, But the Duty of a Son.

Leo. A Son! oh, what poyſon lyes in that word!

Th. Oh take heed of ſlandering a duty ſo. I prethee *Leonora* Forget me and Love my Father *Annanias*, who more excells me in vertue then in years.

Leo. How well this goodneſs becomes thee! But whil'ſt thou Plead'ſt for him thou Undo'ſt thy ſelf.

Th. O

Th. O *Leonora!* Obedience to a Father is above all the ties of Love to a Miſtreſſe. Let reaſon rule thee, or if not ſo, let my prayers prevail. Alas! thou canſt not imagine the happineſſe of being an Old mans Bride, he will be ſober, diſcreet and ſtaid, Whil'ſt youth is apt to run into all lewdneſſe.

Leo. You ſhall ne're make me marry an Old man, for all that.

Th. But he thou loveſt is a Wild young man, that frequents Taverns and keeps bad Company: Could this boy ſpeak, he could tell you of all my Night walks.

Leo. Farevvel, thou deceitful man. [*Exit into the Chamber.*]

Th. Hell and furies, vvhat have I done? I have been prepairing a ponyard for to kill my ſelf, made vvay for my Fathers Love, by the Loſſe of my ovvn life: Come let us lye dovvn under this Windovv; vvould it vvere my Tombe!

Enter Lyſander, Aſtutio, *and* Jeronimo.

Jer. Who vvould have look'd for ſo much good from a Pandar?

Ly. VVho's that liſtens us there?

Aſt. 'Tis *Therſames* and his Boy: vvould vve could borrovv him of *Therſames* but for tvvo hours.

Ly. He vvill not deny me ſuch a thing, I beleive. I'll try. *Therſames*, Be not ſo ſad man, look up.

Th. Not ſo ſad? vvhy 'tis my greateſt recreation, a thing I love ſo vvell, that I ſhould take it ill ſhould you bereave me of any of it.

Ly. Come, come, this Melancholly is the vvorſt thing in the vvorld for you *Therſames*, I have a ſuit to you.

Th. VVhat is't? I cannot deny you any thing in my povver.

Ly. 'Tis to lend me your Boy for an hour or tvvo.

Th. VVhat, my pretty Turtle? vvho ſhall ſit and ſigh vvith me in the mean time?

Ly. You ſaid even novv none ſhould participate your Sorrovves, and ſhall he? Alas! 'tvvill ſpoyl his tender years, Prethee let him go, vvilt thou?

Th. For an hour you may have him, If he be vvilling; But ſee, he vveeps, he ſhall not goe.

Ly. Piſh, you ſay and unſay.

Aſt. 'Tis to help to get *Leonora* from *Laurinda's* houſe. What ſayſt thou, art thou Willing.

Si. Ha,

Si. Ha, ha, ha.

Ly. See how glad he is to go.

Th. Well take him, but pray be careful of him.
Well, go thy ways my boy, whileſt I
Retire to my beloved Miſery. [*Exit.*]

Ly. We have got the Boy, but our work goes on but ſlowly. Come let's be contriving; You *Jeronimo* ſhall be a Merchant

Aſt. That trades in *Moores* and *Æthiops.*

Ly. Well, what then?

Aſt. I'll black your face *Lyſander*, and ſo
You ſhall be ſold to *Laurinda* for an *Æthiop.*

Jer. But how if She will not buy one?

Aſt. Piſh, what a dull Fellow are you? You can contrive nothing; Let me alone to make her buy him. Then, your Father *Hillario* (by my means too) ſhall buy you of *Laurinda.* Then ſhall you be ſent to him to be ſeen.

Ly. Well, what of all this? How will this help me?

Aſt. Fie, fie, *Lyſander*, How dull you are!
Is not *Leonora* at *Laurinda's?*

Ly. What then?

Aſt. Why, do you tell her, that *Therſames* (whom ſhe loves Dearly) ſent thee to get her from thence in that Diſguiſe, Then, will ſhe change Clothes with you. And ſo, ſhe ſhall go in your ſtead to your Father to be ſeen.

Ly. But what ſhall become of me then?
I ſhall be left there in her Clothes.

Jer. It may be, 'Got with child.

Aſt. Piſh, You are ſtill diſturbing me when I come to the point; I have a Cheſt at *Flora's* houſe which this *Silentio* and and foure Porters ſhall bring to *Laurinda's*, in which Il'l ſend a Porters Frock, which you ſhall put on, and ſo come away with the Porters; Then ſhall you leave *Silentio* to look to the Cheſt.

Ly. And *Laurinda* will never know the buſineſs from him, Becauſe he's dumb.

Jer. This is excellent. But what if *Aſtutio* were in the Cheſt carryed thither?

Aſt. No, no.

Ly. Prethee do.

Aſt. 'Tis needleſs.

Jer. 'Tis

Fer. 'Tis neceſſary, your being there
Will confirm *Leonora* that *Therſames* ſent for her.

Aſt. Well, I'll do it; Go, be gone and make ready for the buſineſs. *Ananias* will be here preſently to fetch his Bride; I muſt prevent him with this Friars dreſs; [*Enter* Ananias *with a bag of money.*] So: Here he comes.

An. 'Tis right and good, I would not cheat any one with falſe money, If I might gain both the *Indies* by it.

Aſt. Would my Ponyard were in thy Guts.

An. Would all our Brethren were of my mind,
We would raiſe an Army, and firſt
Deſtroy Papacy and then ſubvert the *Turk*.

Aſt. And you ſhall be their Leader.

An. Ha! what art thou?

Aſt. One that will take a courſe with you.

An. I will look to my Money, He may be a Thief for ought I know in that profane habit.

Aſt. I Holy water caſt about
This Dore, to keep all evill out;
Let no man this place enter in
Unleſs that he be free from ſin:
And that thou mayſt more powerful be
The ſigne o'th Croſs I give to thee.

An. This is profane ſtuff.

Aſt. Thou ly'ſt, it is not profane.

An. Tell me, Haſt thou not poyſon'd the dore?

Aſt. Do you call a holy Spell a poyſon?

An. Holy Spell?

Aſt. So I ſay. Did not I mark it with the ſigne o'th Croſs.

An. How I tremble!
Begone, I command thee thou profane Fellow.

Aſt. Get you gone.

An. The ſigne o'the Croſs! Verily ſhould my Dog go over this threſhold to day I would kill him inſtantly.
O *Leonora!* if there be no other dore but this
Thou ſhalt go without me to day.

Aſt. Suppoſe I lend you a Ladder to get in at the window Can you climbe?

An. Away

An. Away with thy Ladder, thou wilt infect me
With thy curſed water. Foh.

Aſt. I have more cauſe to fear Infection from your ſtinking breath.

An. What ſhall I do? I will go away and return about an hour hence; It may be the Spell will be expired by that time.

Aſt. Nay, let's be friends e're we part.

An. Away, I will not have any communion
Or fellowſhip with thee.

Aſt. I may hap to tell you ſomething
That may conduce to your good.

An. Thou telleſt nothing but lyes.

Aſt. Leonora, is a Whore.

An. Thou belyeſt her, with thy reproaches.

Aſt. Go but in and youll find her in bed with one.

An. I will not be drawn into thy wicked Spell.

Aſt. You are a hot Lover indeed, frighted away with one Little Croſs, Wat would you do for a thouſand?
Pray walk in Sir.

An. Why boweſt thou to me? I do hate thy Idolatrization.

Aſt. Come, come, You ſhall not leave her thus; She'll bid you very wellcome. Come, I'll lead you by the noſe to her.

An. Oh, help, help, Murder, He will rob me.

Aſt. Get you gone, you bawling Aſs,
And do but look towards the window again
And I'll throw Holy-water on thee. [*Exit Ananias.*]
So much for him: now
Muſt I undreſs again. So: [Enter *Hillario.*]
Here comes *Hillario* that muſt buy the *Æthiop.*

Hill. What art thou?

Aſt. A friend and your moſt humble Servant.

Hill. Would you were further from my houſe. [*aſide*]

Aſt. When ſhal's be merry, ha?
But Sir I have a ſmall requeſt to you.

Hill. To me, what is't?

Aſt. A thing of nothing.

Hill. Then 'tis done already, I'll not deny you nothing,
Fare you well Sir.

Aſt. Nay, pray Sir let me ſpeak three words vvith you.
Hill. Well, be brief, what is't?
Aſt. Sir I have great need of an *Æthiop.*
Hill. What would'ſt thou doe with him? Whoſe throat muſt be cut now, pray?
Aſt. No bodyes, Sir, on my life.
Hill. Why, what's an *Æthiop* good for elſe?
Aſt. I wonder why you are ſo ſuſpitious; why, it is for a Convoy to ſome friends of mine into *India.* Pray Sir buy one for me, in the Market to-day.
Hill. I am better at buying Wine.
Aſt. But Sir there is one *Laurinda* lives hard by who is Of your acquaintance, that can furniſh you I ſuppoſe.
Hill. By what time ſhould you uſe him?
Aſt. Immediately, within this hour.
Hill. Well, I'll ſee for one for you.
Aſt. Do it, and we'll be as merry as the Maids. [*Exit* Aſtutio.]
Hill. Here's *Laurinda* I'll ſpeak to her. [*Enter* Laurinda *and* Friſco.]
Lau. Go ſee for *Ananias.*
Fr. I vvill.
Lau. But ſtay, ſee firſt for your Maſter and bring him home
Fr. I vvill.
Lau. Stay, fetch *Ananias* firſt, he is neareſt. I'll never truſt a Preciſian again vvhil ſt I live, for *Ananias* ſake.
Hill. O they are moſt zealous Cheaters.
Lau. O *Hillario,* are you there?
Hill. You muſt learn by this to take heed how you truſt them another time; But prethee do me one Courteſie.
Lau. What is't?
Hill. A ſmall thing, 'tis to help me to an *Æthiop.*
Lau. Hovv old.
Hill. Young.
Lau. Are you in preſent need of one?
Hill. Within this hour if you can, I vvould have him.
Lau. What vvould you give for one?
Hill. I'll not ſtand out for that, Buy me one, and I'll pay you again.
Lau. I'll doe my endevour for one. Farevvell Sir.

Friſco

Friſco, go to Mounſieur *Michael*
And your Maſter and deſire one of them
To bring me an *Æthiop* home vvith them.
Fr. I vvill Forſooth. [*Exit.*]
Lan. The time is paſt and no *Ananias* comes,
Were I a man, I vvould ſcorn to faile my Miſtreſſe
In the leaſt Minute. [*Exit.*]

Actus Tertius Scena prima.

Enter at one Dore Jeronimo *as a Merchant, and* Lyſander *as an* Æthiop, *And at the other Dore* Hillario *and* Strephon.

Ly. O Pox o'the Divel, here's my Father, vvhat ſhall vve do?
Hill. Strephon, run quickly to the Tennis-court, the Tavern, or any vvhether vvhere you think *Lyſander* is, and bring him home vvith you, go. But vvho is this? a Merchant, vvith an *Æthiop*? I'll buy the *Æthiop* my ſelf, and trouble *Laurinda* no further; You Sir, vvhat ſhall I give you for that *Æthiop*?
Jer. Fi, fi, fi.
Hill. Five peeces? I vvill, If he be ſound and vvholſome.
Jer. You underva, va, va, lue him, to, too much,
I vvi, vvill have fif, fif.
Hill. Ha, ha, ha.
Jer. I ca, ca, cannot ſpeak p, plain.
Hill. Ha, ha, vvhy doſt thou not get an Interpreter!
Jer. I vvi, vvill, ha, have, fif, fifty pe, peeces for him
If I ſe, ſell him.
Hill. Fifty? 'tis too much.
Why doth he hold dovvn his head ſo?
Jer. Hi, his, Eyes vva, vvater,
They are ſo, ſore he da, da, dares no, not loo, look up.
Hill. Ha, ha, vvhat ſport have I here!
Will you vvalk in a little?
Ly. Unleſſe vve get from him vve're undone. [*aſide*]
Jer. No, no, no you do, doe no, nothing
Bu, but la, laugh at us.

Hill. No, no, I vvould have your Judgement
Of ſome vvares that are in my houſe.

Jer. I de, de, deal in no, no, nothing
Bu, bu, but *Æthiops* and Tobacco.

Hill. Then come in and take a Pipe of my Tobacco.

Jer. Pa, pa, pardon me Sir, Sir I pr, pray,
It is na, naught ſo, for his Eyes.

Hill. Will you not abate of your price?

Jer. No, no, no Sir.

Hill. Well, fare you well then, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

Jer. He is gone, ha, ha.

Ly. If you call any body with your laughing
I'll break your neck. There's *Friſco*, [Enter *Friſco.*]
Take heed he know you not.

Fr. I have been at all the Keys in the Town, and every one tells me that none but *Monſieur Michael* can help me to an *Æthiop*; and he's not at home, nor will be till Evening.

Ly. Do you hear what he ſaith?

Jer. I, I, we'l prevent him.
Let's go to the Dore and knock.

Fr. You, ſtranger with the *Æthiop*, What would you have there? Who would you ſpeak with?

Jer. *Melampus* ſent me to *Laurinda* with this *Moore*;
I think ſhe lives here, Does ſhe not?

Fr. Here ſhe comes.

Jer. Moſt reſplendent Lady, I pray grant me that favour
To let me touch your fair lip.

Lau. Pleaſe you walk in Sir, and
The houſe and Miſtreſs ſhall be at your ſervice.

Jer. Let me firſt deliver to you this *Æthiop*.

Lau. He will not black me if I touch him, I always loved theſe black Creatures dearly; I'll be ſhort with you for his price, for if you ask me more peeces for him then he hath vertues, I'll not have him.

Jer. His vertues have outſtript his yeers indeed; He can dance, ſing, play at Tennis, and many more things; the day would fail me ſhould I name them all.

Lau. I'm ſure my Money would fail me

Should

Should I give for him after that rate.

Jer. Madam, You shall have him for sixteen peeces, and under I'll not sell him.

Lau. Well. He can sing you say?

Jer. No man sweeter.

Lau. Frisco, Go call down *Leonora*, and let them sing together whilest I pay the Merchant. [*Exeunt* Jeronimo *and* Laurinda.]

Enter Leonora.

Ly. Now, *Venus* be propitious to me.

Fr. Come hither *Æthiop*, Tie my Shooe, you must know That I am your Master when my Master is from home.

Ly. What a rare Master have I got?
Fair Lady, I pray let me see your fair hand.

Leo. Truly, I like not your looks so well, it frights me.

Ly. I'll not hurt you Lady, I can tell you your Fortune.

Fr. Sayst thou so; Prethee tell me mine then.
There's my hand.

Ly. O what abundance of dirt is here!
You'l be a rich Husband-man; Go wash your hands [*Exit.*]
And I'll tell you more.

Leo. Come, now let me hear my fortune.

Ly. O admirable hand!
You have Lovers, Lady.

Leo. Lovers? *Æthiop.*

Ly. Yes Lady, You are in love;
And he that loves you and you love most
Is a very sad young man, his name's *Therſames.*

Leo. O I am undone by this Discovery!
What Devil told thee this?

Ly. Have patience, and I'll tell you more.

Leo. Go on.

Ly. The next in your esteem is a pretty young man,
By name *Lyſander*, the Son of *Hillario.*

Leo. You say right.

Ly. O happy *Lyſander!* how shall I contain my joy?

Enter Frisco.

Fr. Now tell me my fortune.

Ly. You

Ly. You have very many Croſs lines, of which one here on the Line of *Saturn*, foretels you either to be a Judge or a Hangman. Tell me how many Joynts are in all your Fingers, And I will reſolve you certainly.

Fr. Stay there and I'll go out and tell them. [*Exit.*]

Leo. You have diſcovered the very ſecrets of my heart.

Ly. Silence, fair *Leonora*, and hear me; I am no *Æthiop*, but an intimate friend of *Therſames*, ſent hither by him
To deliver thee hence.

Leo. O 'tis impoſſible.

Ly. Let me firſt black your face, and then you muſt change Clothes with me; Then you ſhall be ſent to be ſold to *Hillario.*

Leo. To *Hillario*? Then ſhall I meet *Lyſander*
And not *Therſames.*

Ly. No, no, you ſhall not ſtay there, for *Aſtutio* will buy thee of *Hillario*, and bring thee to the houſe of one *Flora* A rich Widow.

Leo. Flora, a rich Widow? I do know one of that name Living in the next ſtreet.

Ly. The ſame; there,
Thy Clothes and thy *Therſames* will expect thee.

Leo. Would I could beleive this.

Ly. May I periſh if it be not true, *Aſtutio* will come by and by in a Cheſt and will confirm it.

Leo. Well, I do beleive you; He cannot carry me into a worſe houſe then I now am in; But
What will become of you then?

Ly. I have taken care for that. [*Enter* Friſco.]

Fr. Æthiop, hear thy Maſter,
There are as many joints in one hand
As there are in the other; now tell me.

Ly. Sir, your fortune, is very doubtfull;
One hand deſigns you a Judge
And the other a Hangman.

Fr. Which is the hanging hand? *Æthiop.*

Ly. Your right.

Fr. What if I cut it off?

Ly. Then it remains that you muſt be a Judge,

But

But then you cut off all the great Riches with it.
And your rich Wife that you are like to have.

Fr. Heigh, ho! Now do I feel I am in love already.
But see who knocks. [*Enter* Laurinda *and* Jeronimo.]

Ly. 'Tis *Laurinda*.

Fr. *Frisco*'s Wife, that shall be when *Melampus* dies.

Lau. Do not grieve so *Leonora*, go in with the *Æthiop*, I have bought him now. And, noble Merchant, if you send any Goods hither, they shal be as safe as in your own warehouse, I assure you.

Fer. O, Your humble Servant, Madam. [*Enter* Silentio *and foure Porters with the Chest.*]
What, have you done, ye blocks?
This is not the place.

Lau. Signior, If you please they will be very safe here.

Fer. I do not doubt that,
But I would not give you that trouble.

Lau. No trouble Sir, to do you service: *Frisco*, let it be carried into *Leonora's* Chamber. What token will you leave that we may deliver it by?

Fer. A Letter from me, shall suffice.

Lau. May I intreat your Name.

Fer. *Don Alonso de la pome.*

Lau. On my soul, a noble Name: *Don Alonso*, Farewell. I'll go tell *Hillario* what an *Æthiop* I have got for him. [*Exit.*]

Fer. So, here's sixteen pounds cleer gains, while my most politick *Astutio* lies snugging in the Chest still; I am a simple Fellow, I.

Enter Monsieur Michael *with an Æthiop.*

Mi. Come on Sirrah; Where be *Laurina* troe.

Fer. Who have we here? Alas! 'tis the *French* Merchant, and a true *Æthiop*. What shall I do?

Mi. *Monsieur*, *Je voy pry*, Tell me where be *Laurinda*.

Fer. Why, what would you have with her?

Mi. What would me have with her? Why, what be dat to you? You be de sawcy Jackanapes to ask me sush a question. Ask me dat again, and Begar me will run dee trough. Vat vuld I have vid her? Why, she sent to me to buy an *Æthiop*; What be you de wiser now?

Fer. I sold her one e'en now.

Mi. O Di - - - - - - And was not me de ſufficient man to ſell her an *Æthiop*? Begar me will break open de dore, if they will not come.

Jer. She is gone abroad to a Banquet, *Monſieur*.

Mi. Let her be gone to the Diule if ſhe will: Ho, Sirrah *Friſco*, open de dore, Why be I ſhut out?

Fr. Who's there?

Mi. You Sirrah *Friſco*, Where be dy Metris?

Fr. Whom do you take me for? Sirrah! You are a fool, and your Father was a fool, and your Grandfather, your Great-grandfather, and all your generatians were Fools: And you are an Aſs to call me Sirrah.

Mi. O Patience! You do ſhow what you be. Begar de Gentilhome de *France* wold ſcorn to ſtand railing dere like de woman, but vold come down and draw. *O Dieu* - - - - -

Fr. What have you to do with the Gods, you Coxcombe? You had beſt be gone.

Mi. All de whole varle ſall not keep him
From my fury, Begar; [*he fetches in* Friſco]
Come on, Dow Dog, [*he beats him.*]
Begar me vill tread on thee.

Fr. O good *Monſieur*, hold; look you Sir, I am good natur'd, I forgive you your abuſe, becauſe I ſee you know me not: Sir, I pray know that I am Maſter here when *Melampus* is abroad.

Mi. Hath your Metris an *Æthiop*?

Jer. What if I won't telt you?

Mi. What if me do beat you den, and make you tell me?

Fr. Yes, ſhe hath one, ſhe bought him of this Merchant.

Jer. Yes, and a better then any you have.

Mi. Begar, yous compariſous be odious; *Friſco*, tell dat wicked *Laurinda*, me vill be revenged on her Begar, You ſall all repent you of this deed. Come, come away *Æthiop*. [*Ex.*]

Fr. He has beat me miſerably, ſure
He had ſome Inchantment in his fingers.

Jer. Inchantment, you Aſs?
When you durſt not ſo much as lift up a finger againſt him.

Fr. Why did not you help me?

Jer. O alaſs I was Inchanted, I could not ſtir. [*Ent.* Mich.]

Mi. Be

Mi. Be ſhe not come yet? Begar *Friſco* it be vell for you dat you were not nobly deſcended: Begar, an you had been de Prince, all de varle ſould not have ſaved you, but me wud have killed dee. Look to't, *Friſco*, and make dy Vill again I return, for begar dou ſalt live no longer. [*Exit.*]

Jer. Ha, ha, ha, now I am revenged [*Exit* Friſco.]
For the Cat he cheated me with.
Now let *Lyſander* follow his buſineſs himſelf,
No doubt but *Aſtutio* will make fine ſport in the Cheſt. [*Exit.*]

Enter Friſco *at one dore, and* Hillario *and* Laurinda *at another.*

Fr. My head rings as if it had Bells in't; what if I ſhould die now? Heigh ho; But ſoft, here's my Miſtris and *Hillario*: I'll go toward them.

Hill. Ha, ha, ha; How big your Knave looks!

Lau. *Friſco*, ſome body hath vext him.

Fr. Miſtris, If you be wiſe, you'll pardon me,
For if my anger riſe again, I ſhall beat you all.

Hill. Except *Hilario*, I prethee, *Friſco.*

Fr. I ſhall not meddle with any unleſs I be provok'd.

Lau. What's the fault you ask pardon for, *Friſco?*

Fr. The *French* Merchant abuſed me,
But I beleive I cool'd his Courage for him.

Lau. What, *Michael* my beſt Friend?

Hill. How didſt kill him, prethee?

Fr. I had rather not tell you, I do not love boaſting.

Lau. He was always quarrelſome, *Hillario.*
Friſco, Bring in the *Æthiop* I bought to day. [*Exit.*]

Enter Friſco *with* Leonora *blackt.*

Fr. 'Tis a very pretty one, Miſtriſs;
He was worth ſixteen peeces, I think.

Hill. Sixteen? I expected it ſhould have coſt
Twenty at leaſt.

Lau. So it muſt: I paid ſixteen down, and muſt pay foure more three days hence, and I think I bought him very cheap too.

Hill. 'Twere a pretty one where he white.
O *Strephon!* are you come? What news of *Lyſander?*

St. Either he is not in Town, or hath got an Inviſible Ring,

Hil. He is too negligent of his business. *Strephon*, look you to the *Æthiop* till *Astutio* come for him. But what Porters are these? [*Enter* Lysander *and three Porters.*]

Lau. Do you come for the Cheſt? Where's the Letter from *Don Alonſo*? So, ſo, very good: *Friſco*, Bring down the Cheſt you carried up e'en now into *Leonora's* Chamber; 'tis that they come for. Whileſt I read this Letter. [*Exit* Hill.]

Dear Madam,

I *Left a Cheſt with thee, at which time it was my fortune to leave my Heart with thee alſo, it being taken priſoner with thy beauty; nor would I be importunate for either, could they do thee any ſervice; but ſince they cannot, pray ſend me the Cheſt by theſe Porters, and I will not fail to wait upon thee my ſelf ſoon for the other, which I ſhall ever dedicate to thy ſervice: urgent occaſions hindred me, otherwiſe I would have waited on thee, and ſhewed my ſelf to be* Thine

Don Alonſo de la pomc.

By *Juno*, I'll not part with the Cheſt
Nor any thing that's int, till he come himſelf.

Ly. Have you ought to ſay to us more?

Lau. Yes, You muſt not have the Cheſt.

Ly. Not have it, why ſo?

Lau. What a ſimple man are you to
Ask a reaſon from a woman.

Ly. You will not cheat the Merchant of his Goods. What ſhall I do? every Minute is a Moneth while I am from my *Leonora*; Let's take it away by force.

Fr. How Sir, take it by force? He that toucheth it upon that ſcore had as good eat it.

Ly. The *French* pox gnaw your bones
You baſe Pandar and damn'd Bawd.

Fr. Pandar, you Raſcall. [*Exeunt* Lyſ. *and Porters.*]

Lau. So, ſo, There's ſomething got ſtill; I am not ſo old yet but that I may have Suitors; they'l think he that ſent me this Cheſt full of things for one preſent, muſt needs be a noble one; 'twill ſerve to make them give me the bigger preſents when

when they come: now we ſhall be pretty handſome again; I have got foure peeces in the ſale of the *Æthiop*, and I ſhall have an hundred of *Ananias* by and by for *Leonora*, and vvhen that's done, vve'll ſell vvhat's in the Cheſt. [*Enter* Ananias and Jocuſo.]

Fr. 'St: Here's *Ananias*.

An. *Rogerus* our faithful Teacher, is of opinion, that I may enter and take *Leonora*, for all the Spell.

Lau. What ſaith he? Sir, You are welcome, *Leonora* is troubled for you, ſhe thinks that your ſtaying ſo long is a ſigne that your love cools.

An. Here, woman, take this purſe,
There is your hundred peeces in it.

Lau. I thank you Sir. Now enter and enjoy your *Leonora*.

An. I quake for fear of this wicked Spell ſtill. [*Exit* An.]

Joc. Quake for fear of a halter, Do you not?
Ah *Friſco* we ſhall have a Wedding at our houſe,
And there will be ſuch Dancing.

Fr. What Muſick ſhall you have, Organs?

Joc. O no, that's profane.

Fr. I hope you will invite your Friends to it,
I may do as much for you another time.

Joc. I'll not fail; But I'll promiſe you no dainties; You ſhall have perhaps two Capons of Good-counſell, half a dozen Prayer-pyes, a Meſs of Parſons and ſo forth; and to conclude, a Grace of two yards long.

Fr. So much Grace? Why, we ſay Grace on New-yeers day for all the yeer after.

Enter Ananias.

An. O I am undone! *Leonora* is gone, and there is a Devil left in her ſtead: O now I ſuffer under that wicked Spell!

Aſt. Would I were gone from you [*in the Cheſt.*]
With the loſs of both my Ears.

Joc. It is the Daughter of Darkneſs.

Fr. What's become of your Wedding now?

Lau. O I am utterly undone.

An. Give me my Money again; It is not juſt to take my white money for this black Devil.

Lau. Alas, Sir, I was ſo frighted at the newes, I loſt it about

about the house somewhere; when it is made clean, I may perhaps find it. O you Harlot! whether have you bewitched *Leonora*.

Si. Mum.

Lau. When came you hither? with the Chest?

Si. Mum.

Lau. This Rogue *Alonso* hath undone us all. I'll make you speak.

An. Hear me, *Laurinda*, my sons page is Dumb also, It may be he can understand this.

Lau. How can that be, when neither of them can speak. *Frisco*, fetch a Smith to open the Chest.

Fr. 'Tis open already.

Lau. Let's see what's in't: Oh!

Fr. I have not a drop of blood in me, 'tis alive I think.

An. We are all undone, How much I suffer for my lost *Leonora!*

Foc. Perhaps, it is some Image, Come away, and I'll leap into the Chest.

An. No, no, fly my dear Nephew.

Lau. Come hither *Frisco* and look on't.

Fr. Not I truly.

Lau. Come, or I'll turn thee out of dores.

Foc. Go, you fearfull Asse.

Fr. Hercules Protect me! I'll stand a far off and speak to it. Art thou dead? Oh: 'tis not dead, Mistriss.

Lau. How do you know?

Fr. It wo'not speak. I'll try again, Art thou dead?

Ast. Art not thou an Ass?

Fr. Ha, ha, he is very familiar with me, he calls me Ass. What do you there?

Ast. Would you were all in the Sea.

An. O thou wicked Fellow.

Foc. I think I know him; 'tis *Astutio.*

Lau. Let's bury him quick, but first let's examine him; Where's *Leonora?*

Ast. There will come a great Deluge And drown all of you, *Leonora* and all.

An. We fear not thy Deluge, thou profane Fellow. *Ast.*

Aſt. The clouds gather, the cocks crow, the floods come; Oh, let's run and ſave our ſelves upon ſome Mountain!

Foc. Are you ſo quick? Pray ſtay a little.

Aſt. Let me go, or I ſhall be drowned.

An. Let him be taken away, that we may conſult what to do.

Aſt. O vile *Jeronimo*, I'll be reveng'd on thee for this. [*Ex.*]

An. Foculo, burn Frankincenſe to drive away the ſmell of this profane Fellow. But *Laurinda*, How wilt thou help me? Haſt thou forgot my *Leonora*?

Lau. Not in the leaſt; but I muſt inquire who it was that came for an *Æthiop* to day, for he muſt diſcover the reſt; for *Leonora* hath got on his Clothes, and is eſcaped with them, and ſold to *Hillario* in his ſtead; of whom you muſt know where ſhe is.

An. So, verily my Dream of your white Hen in my Cole-houſe is come about. But come, will you go with me?

Lau. Go before, I'll meet you there;
I muſt firſt ſee for *Leonora's* Clothes. [*Exit* Laurinda.]

An. Foculo, come, perfume the room.

Enter Hillario.

Hill. Ananias, to whom do you ſacrifice this Frankincenſe?

An. O *Hillario!* wellcome: It is to purge the houſe from the ſmell of that profane Fellow *Aſtutio*.

Hill. He hath not foul'd the houſe, hath he?

An. Nay truly he's faſt enough for that, *Laurinda* hath laid him in bonds, ſhe found him hid in a Cheſt.

Hill. In a Cheſt?

An. He and his profane Confederates have ſtoln my *Leonora*, my dear *Leonora*.

Hill. Your *Leonora!* When the ſky falls we ſhall catch Larks. You in love!

An. O *Hillario!* If ever you did pity any one, help me now.

Hill. With all my heart.

An. Then, deliver me my *Leonora*.

Hill. How ſhould I deliver her? I know not where ſhe is.

An. Yes, yes, you do know; you do not underſtand the buſineſs.

Hill. What buſineſs?

An. She

An. She was ſold to thee for an *Æthiop* to day.
Hill. 'Tis a lie; there's no ſuch thing.
An. How? Do I lie, ſayſt thou?
Hill. It may be you do but jeſt.
An. I can jeſt if I ſee cauſe; but if any one ſay I lie---
Hill. You wonot beat him.
An. I will not endure it.
Hill. Well, what ſay you? [Enter *Jeronimo.*]
Give me a peece from you, and if that be *Leonora*, I'll give you two for it; if not, I will have it.
An. Be it ſo.
Jer. Are you thereabouts with your bears, my old Graybeards? I may hap be too cunning for you, as wiſe as you are; and in good time, here comes *Silentio* with *Leonora's* Clothes on, Excellent, He ſhall be *Leonora.*
Hill. O *Jeronimo!* you are a frugal man,
But where's *Aſtutio* now?
Jer. Aſtutio? At the Tavern perhaps.
Hill. The Polititian's catch'd in his own trap,
Laurinda has hamper'd him.
Jer. What my Brother *Aſtutio!*
An. I would you and all his Confederates were there;
We'll torture him and kill him too
If he tell us not where *Leonora* is.
Jer. Soft, ſoft, let me cool your zeal a little,
I can caſt a figure for this Virgin you look for,
And help you to her too perhaps.
An. What ſayſt thou? thou----
Hill. Pray have patience, and let him go forward,
Where is ſhe?
Jer. I met her e'en now dreſt like an *Æthiop.*
An. I will draw neer,
This ſoundeth ſomewhat like unto truth.
Jer. She ſaid ſhe was ſold to *Hillario* for a ſlave.
Hill. In troth like enough; [*he brings her in.*]
Haſt found her?
Jer. There ſhe is: do I lie now? [*Enter* Laurinda.]
An. O my dear *Leonora!* Why didſt thou hide thy Beauty thus?

thus! O *Laurinda*! art thou there? Now doſt thou know her?

Lau. I am glad you have her again.

An. That wicked *Jeronimo* did this good deed for me.

Hill. Is not that *Lyſander*? 'Tis he [*Enter* Lyſander *and goes*
I'll lay my life he had a hand in this, *out again haſtily.*]
I have done the like in my dayes,
But I'll bring him back that he may
Spend the reſt of the day in ſtudy. [*Exit.*]

Jer. Now if *Laurinda* ſpoil not all, we are made.

Lau. Ieronimo, this is not *Leonora.*

Jer. Silence, I pray.

Lau. But it ſhall be ſhe, rather then I'll reſtore a farthing of *Ananias's* money back again: Sir, you ſhould do well to marry her, and then you are ſure of her.

Jer. Give me a peece, and I'll marry you as well as *Rogerus.*

An. I had rather have three Whores then one Wife of your marrying me to; *Laurinda*, look for the purſe you loſt and there you will find your hundred peeces. And ſend a Porter to me with the Clothes.

Lau. It ſhall be done.
Jeronimo, I'll have your Gun ſcoured, I promiſe you.

Jer. I, doe, when you are as deep in the dirt
As I am in the Myre. [*Exit* Laurinda.]

An. Come, my dear *Leonora*, let us go in. [*Exeunt.*]

Jer. So, now where's your noble Merchant *Don Alonſo*,
My moſt excellently abominable Baw'd? and where's your *Leo.*
my moſt Hypocritically zealous *Ananias*? But where's my *Socius in iniquitate*, *Aſtutio*? in Bonds? I am a dull fellow, the laughing ſtock to all where e're I come,
ſo I had rather be, then lye with his fine wit in *Jeopardi.* [*Exit.*]

Actus Quartus Scena prima.

Enter Ananias *alone.*

An. I will live in this houſe no longer, nor govern the people any more, Farewell zeal, I will be no longer holy; This

is not *Leonora*, but some fury which I have married, Which hath frighted me out of my wits, I would have kist her, and she flew in my face, I would have embraced her and she kickt me, I cannot get a word from her but Mum, mum; what shall I do if I have married a dumb *Æthiop*? But put case she can speak, If she be so mad now when she doth not speak, what will she doe then? O miserable man that I am, what shall I doe!

Enter Laurinda.

Get the gone *Laurinda*,
Thou bringest me nothing but misery.

Lau. Whose voice is that? Alas, who hath vext you so?

An. Give me my money again, thou false woman,
My hundred peeces which thou had'st of me.
Thou hast sold me an *Æthiop* in stead of *Leonora*.

Lau. Were this so, you would make me blush, truely.

An. Truly? dost thou say Truly?
I wil open the mysterie if you know it not.
Truly? unlesse thou makest me amends I professe----

Lau. What wilt thou do?

An. Thou didst send me to *Hillario* for *Leonora*,
Didst thou not?

Lau. I know I did.

An. Thou didst say, that was *Leonora*
Which *Jeronimo* brought, didst thou not?

Lau. I confesse it.

An. My face and hands are scratched, are they not?

Lau. Yea truly a little.

An. This hath thy *Æthiop* done which
Thou saidst was *Leonora*.

Lau. You make me wonder.

An. She thrust me out of dores and cryed Mum,
She saith nothing else.

Lau. O incredible!
Well, Sir come in with me, and we will make *Astutio* tell us where *Leonora* is, or we'll torture him till he dye.

An. Defend us! go to *Astutio*? verily, he is a *Basilisk*, I dare not see him; 'twere better to throw him into the Sea and drown him, because he propheſied a Flood to come.

Lau. Then

Lau. Then, let us go to the *Æthiop*,
And ſee if we can get the truth from him.

An. What? go into that houſe, vvhere that *African* Monſter is! I vvill rather fly into the deſart; nay, nay, give me a Torch and fire that I may burn this houſe and be revenged of that vvicked *Æthiop*.

Lau. The proverb is verified in you I think, Once a man and tvvice a Child; You are ſo paſſionate!

An. Hold thy peace, and give me my money.

Lau. Have but a little patience
and I vvill help you to *Leonora* yet.

An. Give me my money I ſay, I vvill not have patience.

Lau. Do but ſtay a little, and I vvill either help you to *Leonora* or give you your money again verily. Come but vvith me to *Hillario*.

An. Well, I vvill go, *Joculo*, give me my Cloak, and vvhen I am gone, turn that Divell out of Dores.

Lau. I pray make haſt.
I'll go before leſt he diſgrace me to *Hillario*. [*Exit.*]

An. Verily, I do begin to ſuſpect my former courſe of life. I am ſo ſubject to misfortunes. [*Enter* Leonora *black'd.*]

Leo. O the hard fate of Lovers! *Laurinda* is gone into *Hillario's* houſe, whether ſhall I flye that ſhe may not ſee me? If I Meet *Ananias* I am loſt. And ſee vvhere he ſtands,
What ſhall I do?

An. O me! vvhence comeſt thou, thou Infernal Spirit? If thou art ſent to me, I do confeſſe I have been very vvicked.

Leo. Um.

An. Speak out.

Leo. Um. [*Enter* Joculo *and* Silentio.]

Joc. Get you gone vvith your muttering.
Doſt thou turn again?

Si. Um.

An. Look *Joculo*, here is another as like that
As one Pea is like another

Joc. What's his Name?

An. Nay I knovv not.

Joc. Whence comes he?

An. From Hell, I think.

Foc. Moore, vvhat's your buſineſſe here?

Leo. Um.

Foc. What, cannot you ſpeak?

An. Let them alone *Ioculo*, and let us go to *Hillario*, for he or no body muſt help us novv. [*Exeunt.*]

Leo. O excellent love, hovv vvitty thou makeſt us! But vvhether vvilt thou goe?

Si. Um.

Leo. Um? you had beſt be gone leſt they beat you. Novv my Dear *Therſames* I come, in hope to find thee and my Clothes at *Flora's*. [*Exit.*

Si. O Love, cruell Love! Break heart and ſilence both together. Art thou gone *Leonora*? Look back on me fair Maid, *Eudora* calls thee, begging, intreating and beſeeching thee, to ſhut *Therſames* from thy fair thoughts, vvhat ſayeſt thou! Alas ſhe hears me not: O vvretched *Eudora*! To vvhat miſery art thou fallen? How many Monſters are included in thee at once? Thou art dumb, yet ſpeakeſt, a Man and yet a Woman, *Eudora* and nothing. Can *Leonora* forget me, having knovvn me ſo long? vvould I could as eaſily forget my ſelf. O *Therſames*! for thy ſake, have I put off all modeſty, and made my ſelf dumb too: But leaſt my vvords ſhould offend thee, I vvill only ſigh forth my ſorrovvs and ſo dye.

Enter Therſames.

Th. Who ſpake that lamentable name of *Therſames*? Ha, vvho is this lyes here? Did he talk to himſelf or the ground? Ha, 'tis the body of ſome young man ſlain by ſome vvicked hand. Black'd! O ſad ſpectacle! The more I look on him, the more methinks he comes to my remembrance. His eyes drovvn'd in tears, and in the palm of his right hand a red ſpot. I am undone; I do not ſee it ſure; Let me look again. 'Tis he, O my dear *Silentio!* All my joyes are loſt in one moment. O *Silentio!* if thou haſt any life left tell me vvho has done this vile deed. No, he is dead; [*He draws his Sword.*]

Come Svvord, and end my life and miſery at one blovv; But ſtay, I'll firſt ſeek out the Murtherer. *Lyſander*, vvhere art thou, *Lyſander*?

Enter

Enter Lyſander *above.*

Ly. Was it you that called *Therſames?*

Th. Yes, come down.

Ly. I dare not,
My father hath commanded me the contrary.
Are you in any danger? why is your ſword drawn?

Th. You know the buſineſſe well enough,
Come down, that I may ſheath it in thy Bowells.
Doſt thou not ſee my poor *Silentio* dead?

Ly. You make me wonder; Too much melancholly hath diſtracted you ſure, you had beſt go ſleep.

Th. Doſt thou mock me? 'tis double cruelty, to commit murder and then laugh at it; Come down I ſay, why do we ſpend time?

Ly. My Father hath forbidden it.

Th. Your guilty conſcience hinders you rather.

Ly. 'Tis no ſuch thing friend, upon my life.

Th. Friend! Monſter, Tyger, beaſt,
come down and guard thy ſelf.

Ly. I ſhould be loth that we who have been ſo long acquainted ſhould now fall out.

Th. I cancell all thoſe bonds of former friendſhip,
And hate thee more now then e're I lov'd thee.

Ly. Well, ſince you vvill have it ſo, I come.

Th. I am ſcarce my ſelf; betvveen the heat of love to *Leonora* and hate to *Lyſander* I am almoſt confounded. Come let's to't, vvhy ſtayeſt thou? [Enter *Lyſander.*]

Ly. Therſames hold, friend, if you pleaſe, and let us argue the Caſe a little.

Th. No, I vvill vvith this Stab peirce thy cruell heart.

Ly. You vvonot be ſo barbarouſly cruell; as to kill me e're I knovv my fault! By the love of *Leonora*, I conjure thee tell me vvhy thou art ſo inraged.

Th. By the love of *Leonora!* I obey, let us lay our Svvords on this dead body that they may be in the more readineſs againſt I have done.

Ly. With all my heart.

Th. Then thus,

You

You promiſed me when you had done vvith my poor boy
to reſtore him to me again ſafe;

Ly. You ſay vvell.

Th. But it is very ill done of you, I lent him to you ſafe, and
You ſent him home dead.

Ly. May I periſh if it grieves me not.

Th. It ought rather to ſhame then grieve thee.

Ly. May I dye miſerably, if I am guilty of it in the leaſt.

Th. Novv you have heard the cauſe, novv let's fight.

Ly. I am ſo amazed at the accident,
That I am almoſt confounded.

Th. Here take thy Svvord and guard thy ſelf,
Or I vvill kill thee baſely.

Ly. Do as your fury directs you.
I cannot Imagine hovv it ſhould happen.

Th. Doſt not thou diſſemble *Lyſander*?

Ly. Not, upon my life; I am as ignorant of it as the Child unborn; vve black'd his Face and left him at *Laurinda's* But vvhat happened aftervvards I knovv not.

Th. But vvhy vvas he black'd or left there?

Ly. Our intent vvas to get *Leonora* from thence, vvhich vve could not do but by that means, not intending any hurt to *Silentio.*

Th. O fate, love, conſpiracy! To take avvay *Leonora?* Durſt you offer to touch her Sacred perſon? Dravv, I'll dig that love to *Leonora* from thy heart.

Ly. If that vex you, come on, for *Leonora.*

Th. For *Silentio* and *Leonora.* [*They fight.*]

Enter Leonora *and* Jeronimo.

Leo. Was this your drift? To make me your Whore?

Jer. Oh, vvho is that a fighting?

Leo. Oh my heart! They are my Rivalls brandiſhing their Svvords in each others bovvels. O ſtay your hands, every blovv you ſtrike vvoundeth my very Soul.

Th. Your command charms our Svvords.

Ly. 'Tvvas *Leonora* that vve fought for, and
Our quarrel ended is by her Command.

Leo. Put up your Svvords, vvhich vvhil'ſt I ſee dravvn I dare
ſcarce

ſcarce goe or ſtay doubting to love or fear firſt to give way.
Say, how fell you out!

Th. O my dear *Leonora!* I can no ſooner look on thee, but my father comes into my mind; for thee I languiſh and have done ſo long; doſt thou ſee this body? this nothing? It is my poor boys, my *Silentio's* ſlain by this perjured man.

Leo. Is it ſo *Lyſander*? what, have you through negligence ſuffered him to be ſlain?

Ly. As I live, by thy love *Leonora*, which I value above all the world, I am as ignorant of it as you; you cannot imagine how it grieves me.

Leo. But you ought to have been carefull of him
Becauſe you promiſed it.

Ly. Ah my dear *Leonora*, Why doſt thou cenſure ſo hardly? Care of getting thee from that wicked houſe made me forget him.

Leo. Forget him, and for me? hold dear *Therſames*.

Th. To bring out *Leonora*? I wonot be perſwaded, come on.

Leo. Sheath your Swords here rather.

Th. Prethee give me leave.

Ly. Alas! my Dear, begone, my innocence protects me.

Leo. Hold, I beſeech you on my knees I beg it.
Hold, by theſe tears hold.

Ly. Riſe, prethee *Leonora*, by theſe tears riſe.

Th. *Lyſander*, let us goe to ſome place more private
Where we may not be interrupted.

Ly. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aſſutio *above.*

Aſſ. Which way ſo'ere I look there's Company.

Leo. Farewell my deareſt friends, I fear I never ſhall ſee one of you more. O cruell love! what have I done,
To deſerve this?

Si. Ah me!

Leo. Unfortunate, who e're thou art,
Thou doſt deſerve that I ſhould Stab thee to the heart,
Who art the cauſe of ſo much ſorrow to me.

Si. *Therſames*, where art thou?
O happy *Leonora* in ſuch a husband!

Leo.

Leo. Leonora! doth he know me?
He ſtirs! what Impoſture's this?

Si. O *Therſames!* It is not fit I ſhould be dumb any longer. My faintneſſe tells me my end is near.

Leo. Wo is me! This *Silentio* hath but counterfeited all this while. He ſpeaks plainly now; what are you?

Si. Um.

Leo. Doſt thou begin to mutter again, Impoſture?

Si. Um.

Leo. what new trick's this? ſpeak, or I'll pull thy tongue out. What ſayeſt thou?

Si. What ſhall I ſay? Love and grief have made me dumb, ſo hardly have they dealt with thy *Endora.*

Leo. Endora! alas, ſhe is loſt.

Si. O *Leonora!* how near is *Endora* loſt to thee!
And yet alas how far off!

Leo. Didſt thou know her?

Si. Alas too well; you and ſhe were brought up together in *Michael*'s houſe the *French* Merchant.

Leo. Moſt true.

Si. And by him delivered to *Laurinda.*

Leo. Who ſhould this be?

Si. *Leonora*, hear me, or I will conclude,
See thy *Endora*; doſt thou know me?

Leo. By *Venus*'tis ſhe. O my dear friend? where haſt thou been ſo long? and why in theſe Clothes prethee, Speak?

End. Leonora, I will tell thee, and when thou haſt heard me, I hope thou wilt Pity me, after *Michael* had ſold us being very young to *Laurinda*; the whole City liked us both, but eſpecially thine was lik'd by every one.

Leo. Paſſe by thoſe Commendations, prethee.

End. Firſt *Hillario*'s Son *Lyſander*, Then *Ananias*'s *Therſames* fell both in love with thee, in the mean time (ah me!) *Cupid* transfixt this heart, and to my greater misfortune, I fell in love with thy *Therſames.* What could I then do, Seeing ſo beautiful a Rivall as *Leonora*? It gnawed my very heart. Then ſweet *Therſames* with love to thee, fell into a great Melancholly, ſo that he hated both life and comfort. Then he deſired his Father

Ananias

Ananias to buy a dumb Page for him; So *Laurinda* was employed to get one, none was bought; At length, Love, which never fails us at those times, emboldned me to take upon me the Person of a Mute; So I fled from Town and about three Moneths after Begging at *Ananias*'s Dore after that silent manner I was taken in to wait on *Therſames*.

Leo. O thrice happy *Eudora!*
Thou wert never from thy Love.

Eud. So it is, but I never made any progreſſe in it in all that time, *Therſames* loves thee, and admires thee only, O *Leonora!* if I have deſerved any thing from thee, leave *Therſames* to love me.

Leo. My will is good; but my heart is fixt upon *Therſames*, but when I conſider thee to be *Eudora*, that doſt requeſt it.—

Eud. What ſaiſt thou? by one comfortable word, thou maiſt ſave two lives; Speak I prethee, my life or death depends upon thy words.

Leo. What ſhall I ſay? I never ſuck'd the breaſts of Tigers, but I fear we ſhall both loſe him; he and *Lyſander* are gone to fight for thee.

Eud. O me unhappy! what have I done to make them fight?

Leo. When you lay here, *Therſames* thinking you irrecoverably Dead, reſolved to revenge thy death on *Lyſander*.

Eud. O my hard fate! If either of them be ſlain I will live and dye in a Nunnery or Deſart.

Leo. I ſwear the ſame.
But why ſtay we here? let's make haſt to hinder them.

Eud. Which way?

Leo. I'll go that.

Eud. Make haſt Dear *Leonora*. [*Exeunt.*]

Aſt. I thought they would never have done prating, get you gone, to the Rock and Reel you idle Harlotryes. Now *Aſtutio* prepare for thy eſcape. [*Enter* Friſco.]

Fr. I heard the Window open. O brave Rogue!

Aſt. Thus far I have gotſafe; now becauſe I am ſo near my Gaol-delivery, I will not be baſe, to go away and not pay my Fees, there's ſomething for *Friſco*.

Fr. Some Ten Groats Fee, I Warrant.

Ast. Though he deserves not any thing, because he is not here, When I goe yet there's a Paper of Sugar for him.

Fr. No Fish.

Ast. Mixt with some excellent good Mercury; I know the Rogue hath a sweet Tooth.

Fr. You had better have held your tongue. [Frisco *strikes him.*]

Ast. O pox on your Fingers.

Fr. You are a leaping, are you? I'll stop your journey hereafter with Irons.

Ast. Why, who is leaping down?

Fr. I heard you talk on't Sir.

Ast. Are you sure you heard me?

Fr. Yes indeed am I.

Ast. With your own Ears.

Fr. Sure you are one of the Inquisition, you should be by your Examination. You did not talk of poysoning me neither, I warrant you.

Ast. Not I.

Fr. Do you drink that then which you cast down for me.

Ast. Indeed, I spoke but in jest.

Fr. Well, well; your jesting shall cost you deer. Get you in. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Melampus.

Mel. Aha, my boyes, who lives a merryer life then I? I have stuff'd my Guts sufficiently with good Wine and Fat Bacon; my Wife will ask me, where have you been? amongst your Whores or pot Companions? But wife, *noli me tangere*, come not near me, I am King of *Mauritania*. [*Enter* Jeronimo.]

Jer. I beseech your Grace
To grant poor *Jeronimo* one request.

Mel. What is't? speak.

Jer. There's one *Astutio* in your house a Prisoner.

Mel. Thou lyest, there's no such thing.

Jer. You will find it true; my request is, that you would Only make him keep a Fast of some three dayes long or so.

Mel. Well, if he reward me no better then you have done He shall fast four dayes for all me, but why is he kept there?

Jer. You'll hear that when you go in, he came thither in a Chest

Cheſt with an intent for ought we know to Raviſh *Leonora*.

Mel. If there be a Gaol in the City
I'll make him know what 'tis to force *Leonora*.

Jer. *Leonora* fled away then.

Mel. My Dear, is ſhe gone!

Jer. But ſhe is found again.

Mel. That's well.

Jer. And married to *Ananias*.

Mel. How ſaiſt thou? Art thou in jeſt or earneſt? am I Alive or dead?

Jer. Why, did not you tell me ſhe was a man?

Mel. I ſaid that out of Policy to preſerve her;
O help me I pray to get her again!

Jer. How would you have me help you.

Mel. O I pray adviſe me what to doe, I am at my wits end.

Ier. Well come with me then.

Mel. Do but help me to her, and I'll do any thing for you.
Come and I'll tell you a ſecret as we go. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Jeronimo *and* Melampus.

Jer. I have ſcarce faith enough to beleive this you tell me; That *Leonora* ſhould be of Kin to *Amanias*! If it be ſo, what abundance of good have I done through a knaviſh intention! I hindred *Ananias* from marrying his own daughter which had been moſt abhominable; I kept him chaſt by ſending a boy to him in her ſtead, which he could not deflower. Thank thy good wit for this *Jeronimo*.

Mel. You had beſt tell all the Town on't now,
And make me be hang'd.

Jer. I will acquaint *Ananias* with it preſently; 'tis neceſſary for by that means *Leonora* ſhall be delivered from that vile houſe, *Therſames* ſhall deſiſt courting her, and *Lyſander* ſhall marry her.

Mel. Pray ſtay a little.

Jer. What ſhould I ſtay for?

Mel. Look too't, If you diſcover it, I'll make it the deartſt Diſcovery that ever you made in your life.

Jer. You'll get a reward by it, man.

Mel. I, a halter.

Jer. I'll ſave you harmleſſe.

Mel. No, no, I'll not truſt to that.

Jer. Then chuſe, I'll not conceal it a minute longer.

Mel. Suppoſe you doe; where's your witneſſe? for as for my part I'll deny all, nay forſwear it rather then fail.

Jer. You wonot be ſo wicked ſure.

Mel. You had beſt try me. But hold [*Enter* Michael.] Here's *Michaell* the Merchant.

Mi. Begar my Rapier thirſteth for blood.
Be any of your name *Friſco*?

Jer. No Sir.

Mi. Are you of kin to him?

Jer. Neither.

Mel. What ſhall I do? I dare not come near him.

Mi. Ha Monſieur *Melampus* be you dere? Begar, my ſhooe be not ſo dead as you be now, O dow baſe Pandar, what canſt dou ſay for dy ſelf that I ſhould not kill dee? you do buy of Foraign Merſhants, *Michaell* was not wordy to ſell one to you, and den to mend de matter your Man *Friſco* muſt rayle at me in publico.

Jer. Right I heard him.

Mi. Wert dou dere den?

Jer. Marry was I Sir,
By the ſame token it made me laugh heartily.

Mi. O Dieu - - - - Hath de Duſheſſe of *Shalaroone* been in love wid me and de many Princeſſes? Be not me de *French* man? de Merſhant? de Souldier? nobly deſcended? Have me not Twenty Thouſand Crowns at Command? ſix Gold Chains, many riſh Jewels, Twenty Rings; and do me not carry de Bilbo blade in terrour of mine Enemies, and am I derided?

Mel. Monſieur, a wench would do well to take your Choler down a little and purge your Reins.

Mi. Per ma foy, me tinck me be born to be laught at; dou Raſcal *Melampus*; Begar, me vill ſtrike dee dead vvit one word.

Jer.

Jer. You wonot lay fellony to his charge, will you?

Mi. Begar me will make dee be hanged, if dere be no more men in the varle; come, tell me where had you *Leonora*?

Mel. Why ask you that? did not you ſell her to me? Had I her not from *Paris*?

Mich. Now ſtand you buy me *Jeronimo*, whilſt I convince dis fellow dat hath neyder truth nor honeſty in him.

Mel. Are you mad to undoe me? Pray be ſilent.

Jer. Go on Mounſieur,
I ſee he hath nothing to ſay for himſelf.

Mi. To be ſhort, ſhe was not two years old when dis City was burned, den *Francelia Ananias's* Wife, Moder to *Leonora*, cryed out in de flames and deſired dis *Melampus* to ſave *Leonora* dat ſhe might not be conſumed in de fire.

Jer. Ananias I believe thought ſhe had been burnt then.

Mi. Right, right, he did tink ſo; den my Broder *Le Cour*, ſeeing her left in dat condition, took her home vvid him, and a little before he dyed deſired me to deliver her to *Melampus*, which about two years after I did.

Mel. I'll make you repent this, if I live.

Jer. Can you prove this, Monſieur?

Mi. Ouy, Ouy, Monſieur, me can ſhow you it under his hand.

Mel. I am undone! O *Jeronimo* what ſhall I doe?

Jer. Follow me, & I'll adviſe you as well as I can. [*Exit.* Jer.]

Mel. With all my heart. And yet I wonot; Alas, what ſhall I doe? Here's Signior *Gormondino*, I had rather meet a Bear then him at any time.

Gor. Here, you fellow, hold theſe Swords, what ſhould I ſay I took them from two men? Piſh, 'tis nothing, ſhould I meet an Hundred I would encounter them all; I wonder no man dare challenge me, but who dares lift up a finger againſt *Signior Gormondino Belbedero*; the very names enough to ſtrike them dead.

Ly. You had beſt have a Ballad made on't.
But what doſt thou look ſo for, *Therſames*?

Mel. Have you loſt any thing, Sir?

Th. Did you not ſee my body here to day?

Mel. Your body? why do you uſe to go abroad without it?

Th. My

Th. My *Silentio*'s I mean, or did you ſee *Leonora*?

Gor. Ye fond effeminate young men, vvhat vvas your quarrel? a Miſtreſſe, a *Leonora*? You would be loth to fight for your Country; But, it is my duty, to acquaint your Parents vvith it. *Enter* Michaell.

Mi. My moſt honoured Signior *Gormondino Belbedero*, *Vous trees humble Serviteur.*

Gor. Gramercy Merchant.

My. Lyſander, *Therſames*, *beſo las manus*, me be overloaden vvith good nevves for you!

Mel. What doth the villain intend to ſay?

Mi. Melampus, doſt thou carry tvvo ſvvords to kill me? Fy, fy, begar dat be fovvle play.

Gor. He is my Svvord-bearer, he vvill not hurt you.

Mi. Den knovv, dat (unleſs he deny his ovvn hand and ſeal) Me vill prove him de arrant Teiſe in de varle.

Mel. O pardon, I beſeech you Signior!

Gor. Let's hear your crime firſt.

Mel. Give me leave, and I'll confeſſe it to you.

Gor. Come on then.

Mel. Then *Therſames* hear me, you may remember your Siſter vvas about tvvo years old vvhen ſhe vvas ſuppoſed burnt.

Th. My Mother *Francelia* vvas then burnt too.

Mel. She cryed out to me vvhen ſhe vvas in the fire, and deſired me to ſave her Daughter, vvhich I did, and ſhe is novv at my houſe.

Th. Is my Siſter alive then?

Mi. Tuſh, dis be noting, come to de point, *Melampus*.

Mel. Then *Le Cour* Brother to this Waſp here Carryed her avvay to *Paris* vvith him.

Th. O baſe Act!

Mel. And ſo I loſt *Leonora*.

Ly. Leonora!

Th. Leonora!

Ly. Is that ſhe?

Th. She vvhom I ſo long have lov'd?

Ly. She vvho is dearer to me then life?

Mel. That is ſhe, and none other.

Mi. Novv *Melampus*, dou may hang dy ſelf. *Th.*

Th. Lyſander, though the tie of nature forbids me marrying her, yet knovv *Leonora* ſhall not marry a Murderer.

Ly. Wilt thou undoe me?

Gor. I charge you take notice of vvhat is ſaid; What's that you charge him vvith, *Therſames?*

Th. He killed a poor dumb Boy that ſerved me.

Ly. I am accuſed falſly; I am not guilty of it.

Gor. Referre this to the Senate. [*Exeunt* Lyſ. *and* Th.] But vvhat ſay you Monſieur to this Theft of *Melampus?*

Mi. Ie voy pry, let him be hanged.

Mel. Hold a little, I pray Signior vvho is vvorſt, he that ſteals or he that receiveth that vvhich is ſtolen?

Gor. The Lavv condemns both alike.

Mel. Then, *Ie voy pry*, let him be hanged, for he and his Brother *Le Conr* kept *Leonora* together, at *Paris*, he knew of it and concealed it; wherefore I pray let us ſuffer both alike, ſince we are alike Guilty.

Mi. Piſh, de moſt valient Signior knowes dat me did diſcover it out of mine honeſty.

Gor. come, come, Sir, you ſhall e'en go together.

Mi. So, me have laid de trap for mine own ſelf.

Enter Hillario, Ananias, Jeronimo, Lyſander *and* Therſames.

An. Lyſander, Therſames, why ſtand ye ſo dull? me thinks you ſhould leap for joy now; why looke ſt thou ſo dejectedly my Son art thou ſorry thy Siſter is found?

Th. No, Sir, may ſhe live ever happy; But how can I have any comfort having loſt my poor *Silentio?*

Ly. I am accuſed of that, Of which I am as innocent as he that never ſaw him.

An. Come, come, I know *Lyſander* cannot be ſo ignoble. But come hither ye *Simeon* and *Levi* in Roguery; *Melampus* and *Michaell*, what can ye ſay for your ſelves?

Mi. Pardonno moy ceſte faulte bon veillard.

An. This is not *Ebrew* nor *Syriack.*

Mi. No, it be *French*; me will teach you and your fair Daughter *French*, if you pleaſe.

Mel. Moſt excellent *Ananias!* I caſt my ſelf at your mercy, Though I kept her awhile, I reſtored her ſafe again. *An.*

An. Well, be of good comfort *Leonora* muſt procure your pardon.

Mi. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Leonora *and* Eudora *veil'd.*

Ly. Why looke ſt thou ſo pale, my Dear?
Why turneſt thou away *Leonora?*

Leo. Not becauſe of you or *Muſonius*: But noble Signior, I am much obliged to you, who by your valour and care have preſerved their two lives.

Gor. Where heard you that Lady?

Leo. In the ſtreets as we came along: Let your valour, I beſeech you next keep me from returning to that wicked houſe of *Melampus.*

Mel. Ask ſomewhat elſe *Leonora*, thou art free,
Command my life and I ſhall be proud to dye thy Martyr.

Gor. Lady, ſhould you command me to fight with a Centaure I would do it.

Leo. I will not put ſuch a danger upon you; all I deſire is To divorſe him from *Laurinda.*

An. My Dear give me a kiſs, and I'll do it.

Leo. Well, take it.

An. O my Dear *Leonora*! I cannot forbear embracing thee, Now chooſe thy Husband, and if he be not too near of kin thou ſhalt have him.

Leo. Am I awake or do I dream?
Why ſtay I from flying into the Arms of my Dear *Therſames.*

An. Thou canſt not marry him, he is thy Brother.

Th. Welcome, my Dear Siſter to life again,
Nought but that word could charm me.

Leo. Siſter? pray unfold this Riddle, am I his Siſter!

An. Yea, thou art, the Annalls, *Michaell*, *Acheron*, all confirm it.

Leo. Then father, I pray pardon my former follies.

An. With all my heart.

Th. Dear Siſter, I vvere moſt happy were my *Silentio* alive again. Thought of him drovvns all my joyes.

Eud. Look on him Dear *Therſames*,
My voice is ſtrange but my face vvell knovvn to you.

Mi.

Mi. Is pretty *Eudora* return'd?

Mel. The Fugitive harlot comes to take her leave of us e're we dye, it ſeems.

Ther. And, doſt thou live, Dear *Silentio*? Now thou ſpeakeſt harmoniouſly; I am again confounded; Thou art neither Dumb, nor Boy, But a moſt beautiful Maid; Say, Where haſt thou been? What hath been thy Fate.

End. My Kindred and Countrey were both conceal'd from Me By my Governour *Michael*, Who lent me and moſt beloved *Leonora* from *Paris*, And ſold us to *Melampus*: I was no ſooner there, but *Cupid* tranſfixt my heart, Then look'd I on thy vertues, *Therſames*, ſo long That I could not look off.

Ther. Forward, Dear *Eudora!*

End. The whole City admired *Leonora's* beauty, And amongſt the reſt, you *Therſames*: Then did you deſire a dumb Page Of your Father, which I no ſooner heard But changing my Clothes fled to *Paris*, Where with much adoe, after a long time I rul'd my tongue to my deſires, And came hither and begg'd at your dore, Where you found me.

Ther. What name doſt thou now enjoy?

Mel. Eudora.

Ther. Eudora! But forward, prethee.

End. What hath been done to day Were too long a Story for me to repeat Or you to hear; *Jeronimo* can beſt inform you that. But oh *Therſames!* if you love me not, I am loſt ſtill.

Ther. Goodneſs forbid.

An. Verily this *Eudora*, may be put.

Amongst the Sifters of our Reformation.

Mel. I will not let her.

Gor. Why will not you let her?

Mel. Becauſe I bought her.

An. Your Wife had an hundred peeces of me to day.

Mel. Yet if you will forgive me I will let her.

Mich. Foutra *Melampus:*

Begar, me vill venture dis neck
But me vill be in as muſh favour as you.
Lyſander, Je vou pry; bring dy Fadet *Hillario* hither,
Quickly, quickly.

Ly. What means this haſty Meſſage?

Mich. Monſieur, I ſay go, make haſte.

Ly. I go. [*Exit.*]

Mich. Dou *Eudora* ſhalt leap for joy,
Therſames ſall laugh,
Ananias ſall rejoyce, *Signior* ſhall rore,
Jeronimo ſhall feaſt himſelf,
And *Melampus* ſhall be hanged; Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Hillario *and* Lyſander.

Hill. O rare Times when Bawds repent!
Laurinda ſits yonder and will neither eat nor drink.

An. She deſerveth affliction.

Hill. Be merciful, *Ananias.*

Mich. Monſieur *Hillario, Bezo las pe.*

Hill. Ha Monſieur, Where have you been this great while?

Mich. Monſieur, Begar, De Diule take me
If me do not love dee wit all my heart, Begar.

Hill. I wonder you have ſo much time
As to ſalute me now Monſieur.

Mich. Ah, Me have joyful news for you, Begar.

Hill. What is't? Speak.

Mich. Look upon dis Virgin.

Hill. Whom, *Leonora?*
I am glad to ſee you return'd to life, Lady.

An. Verily She ſhall be call'd *The rock of Patience.*

Hill. The rock of Patience! There's a name indeed?

Ly. Let her keep her own name of *Leonora*, I pray.

Leo. I like it better.
An. Be it ſo then.
Hill. The rock of Patience!
Mich. Hillario, Me did not mean *Leonora*,
Me meant dis Stranger here.
Hill. This was *Therſames* Page.
Mich. What will you ſay if dat be your *Ethuſa*?
Hill. My Daughter *Ethuſa!*
Eth. I have heard that Name.
Mich. Now me be at your mercy, if you will hang me, do;
Hillario, You may remember
About eleven yeers ſince,
Dere was de great Solemnity,
At which all de Children in de City of Noble Families
Were preſent, and Danced.
Hill. Thou beginneſt a ſad Story.
There was my *Ethuſa* then.
Mich. Right;
Ananias being diſpleaſed at it,
With other of his company made a tumult,
In wiſh, many were wounded, ſome ſlain;
After dat dey ſeized on de Actors,
And took away deir Ornaments;
Den dy *Ethuſa*, being richeſt in Jewels,
Was firſt taken and carried by me into *Paris*,
And now by me reſtored back to you her Fader.
Eth. I do remember my being ſo fine,
When I was a Child.
Hill. Doſt thou remember thy Nurſes name?
Eth. Be-a-tra, I think.
Hill. Beatrica.
Eth. The ſame.
Hill. I ſhould be guilty of the ſin of Ingratitude
Should I doubt ſtill.
Thou art my *Ethuſa*, my dear Child!
O let me weep for joy!
An. Hillario, We are both made happy.
Hill. Come then, let us be merry and laugh.

An. With all my heart; yea, I will laugh exceedingly. Ha, ha, ha.

Hill. Let the Prieſt conclude their Nuptials.

Mich. Now *Hillario*, What ſay you?
Dere are not twenty ſuch Theives as me
To reſtore what dey ſteal.

Hill. I confeſs it.

Eth. Pray Father, let me intreat his pardon.

Hill. With all my heart, he hath deſerved it.

Mel. Nor are there ten ſuch Pandars as *Melampus*,
Who hath delivered *Leonora* to you a Virgin.

Leo. I believe it; I pray Father pardon him.

An. Well, ſo he will leave Tobacco and Swearing.

Mel. O moſt excellent Sir!

Gor. Nor are there foure ſuch as *Gormondino*,
Who ſaved theſe mad mens lives.

Ly. We are obliged to you for it.

Jer. But tell me, Can you equal *Jeronimo*?

An. Yea, in Hell; no where elſe.

Jer. I can inform you
Of all this days buſineſs.

An. Of *Laurinda*, and the hundred pounds.

Hill. Of the *Æthiop* and the twenty pounds.

An. Of the two Mules.

Hill. Of *Aſſinio* the Politician it is apparent;
But why is he ſhut up
Now all are at peace?

Jer. Give me leave I pray,
And we will have ſome ſport with him.
Melampus, ſend *Friſco* with a Ladder,
Stand all behind here that he may not ſee you.

Enter Friſco *with a Ladder.*

Hill. The Rock of Patience!

An. 'St, contain thy ſelf, *Hillario*.

Jer. Now *Friſco*, Do you - - - - [*they whiſper.*]

Fr. Preſently.

Jer. And do you hear - - - - [*again.*]

Fr. I underſtand you.

Jer. Aſſinio,

Jer. *Aſtutio*, Look out. [*Enter Aſt. above.*]
Aſt. What's the matter *Jeronimo*, thou wicked Villain.
Jer. What ſaith my Friend, my Brother?
Aſt. You ſhall dearly repent you of your villany.
Jer. I have ventur'd my neck to get a Ladder for you,
And this is all the thanks I ſhall have for my labour, Is it?
Aſt. How ſaiſt thou, *Jeronimo*?
Haſt thou brought me a Ladder?
Now I ſee thou art honeſt.
Jer. Come, make haſte; there may be danger in delay.
Aſt. I come, I come,
Now hunger and deſolation [*Friſco puts a rope*
Deſtroy *Friſco* and this whole Family. *above his neck.*]
Fr. O Sir, are you catch'd?
Jer. Now will I diſpute with you,
All peſtilent Exhalations hang in the Air,
Now, you are a peſtilent Exhalation, *Ergo.*
Aſt. O ye Villains,
Have I ſuffered my ſelf to be caught thus?
Help, help. [*Enter Signior* Cormondino.]
Cor. What's the matter?
Will you not let the Haugman do his Office.
Aſt. His Office! where's the Offender Signior? [*Enter* An.
An. Thou ſhalt be hanged thou Varlet, *and the reſt.*]
And then thy body ſhall be caſt to the Dogs.
Aſt. I ſay, it is not lawfull
For Dogs to eat fleſh on Fridays.
But, is this Juſtice, Signior,
To hang men before Tryal?
Cor. Martiall Law,
Hill. Hang him firſt and examine him afterwards.
Gor. Let him be ſearched,
See what he carryes about him.
Aſt. Firſt hang me, I pray.
An. So thou ſhalt be hanged, but not firſt,
Feel in his Pockets *Friſco*;
And ſee what he hath there.
Fr. Here's a box of Sugar,

Another

Another of Mercury,
A ponyard,
Five *Spaniſh* Figgs,
A bundle of Letters.

Aſt. O I pray let my Letters alone.

Hill. Take them away,
And let them be read openly.

Jer. Aſtutio, being ſo near your end,
You ſhould do well to confeſſe.

Aſt. I will do it carefully;
I have viciated Thirty Wives,
Forced Ten Virgins.
And lain with ſome Forty whores;
Take warning all by me, of wicked Company,
All this I did by *Jeronimo's* allurements.

Jer. Now he raves.

Aſt. I have carryed poyſon about me
With murderous intentions.
Counterfeited Dice, coyned falſe Money,
Rayled on Princes, corrupted Magiſtrates,
And all this by the allurements of *Jeronimo.*

An. Let *Jeronimo* be hang'd with him then.

Hill. Have you any more to ſay,
Before the Executioner do his Office?

Aſt. In the reſt I will be brief,
My Father was a Butcher,
And my Mother an Artificiall Cutpurſe,
In memory of whom I wear this knife, [Aſtutio *cuts the Rope.*]
It having gotten them their living.

An. He hath cut the Rope.

Ly. He hath ſaved his life by it.

Hill. What ſay you my man of *Mars?*
Ananias, *Leonora*, *Ethuſa*,
Shall's pardon him?

Eth. I beſeech you, let not our Nuptialls be ſtain'd
With blood.

An. Well, let him goe.

Mi. *Je voy pry*, Begar me have loſed very muſh.
By his being ſaved; me might have bought his Clothes of *Friſco*,
For de ſmall ſum of money.

Jer. Come *Friſco*, let's to the Wedding.

Fr. A match, now *Aſtutio*,
You may hang your ſelf if you will.

Aſt. If I were hang'd 'twere no matter,
'Tis better to be hang'd then live in ſuch diſgrace,
As I am like.

Hill. This day we'll conſecrate to *Hymen*.
Now let us to the Banquet, lead the way,
Night ne're was mother to ſo bright a day.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

By Asturio.

PArdon'd by Ananias I am come,
Hoping from you to get as mild a doome
As I have done from him, you'll say 'twas ill,
I'll grant it to be true too, but know still
It was not so intended, all we doe
Is to get your applause, for, pray, who
'Mongst all of you that having heard of one
Whose whole Estate lay in one Ship alone,
And that Ship cast away, would not be sad?
Such is our Poets case now. The Play's bad
He doth confesse, yet would be loth you sho'd
Imagine it was meant for ought but good:
This is his first, if you condemn this, then
You'll make him fearfull to come here agen.

FINIS.